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THE FAITHFUL PAIR.

BY A LADY.

IN a pleasant village, situated by the side of a winding stream, was the dwelling of a happy pair, whose chief care was to make each other perfectly so. They were in possession of a small estate, which though it would not admit of their living in a splendid style, yet they enjoyed the necessaries of life in a manner far superior to all the pomp and grandeur of a court. Their house was almost vegetable, from the overgrowth of the vine which covered the front; and the jessamin, as if eager to blend its odoriferous sweets with the luxuriant grape, wound itself up the fluted columns of the portico, and hung down in rich festoons on each side.—The grounds were extensive, and laid out in a manner that delighted and astonished every beholder. On one side the shrubs suddenly opening, discovered a little stream dashing down a rough green bank in an irregular winding manner, and finely diversified by the clods of turf, and stems of brush-wood, that resisted its current. A seat in the opposite side of the walk, seemed to invite you to contemplate the beauties of the scene; the plants intermitting their branches, cast a gloom very pleasing to the imagination; and a rivulet,

which ran over pebbles, or broke into cascades, now glittered through the leaves at a distance, and now meandered close to the walk; at the end of which was a circular grass-plat, planted round the evergreen; in the entrance stood a small stone temple. A myrtle had spread its branches over the front of the building, and the honeysuckle was taught to wind up the pillars of the portico; on the frieze was this inscription,—

DEDICATED TO SENSIBILITY.

The walls on the inside were stuccoed, and in a niche was placed a marble urn, in which grew a sensitive plant, a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place, contracting its leaves at the slightest touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air. On the urn were these words from Sterne; "Eternal fountain of my feeling! 'tis here I trace thee!" On the side was a dark wall, which soon came to a rocky cavity, over-shadowed by the brown foliage of an oak which grew at its entrance. In this happy manner did they live unenvying, but not envied, with their daughter Julia, who possessed an uncommon share of understanding, which they took care to well cultivate by a liberal education. Her face was beautiful, but rather formed to please than to dazzle; her features had such a softness, such a delicacy in them, that they were lost at a

distance ; and there was a sweetness mingled with melancholy in her looks, that gained universal admiration. Her eyes (those intelligent beams) were soft and expressive, and discovered her exquisite sensibility ; her complexion was not striking, but a pleasing expression is superior to the finest in the world. With all these charms, we cannot suppose she remained unnoticed ; her beauty, wit, and accomplishments, were the talk of the country, which gained her many admirers. Among the number that solicited her hand, was a gentleman named Charles Melbourn. He was the son of a neighboring gentleman of fortune, had a very agreeable person, and a mind enriched with every noble sentiment. He loved, he adored the amiable Julia, and sought every opportunity to convince her of the ardency of his passion. She was possessed of too much sensibility, not to see the sincerity of his affection ; and despising the coquetish arts too often practised by her sex, she encouraged his addresses, and listened to them with pleasure. At length their love was mutual, and they vowed but to live for each other. Not a day passed but Melbourn saw his lovely Julia, and breathed forth the tender sentiments of his heart, where she reigned with sole and absolute dominion, and which was prouder to own her power, than triumph over kingdoms. Oft would she chide the tedious hours when he was absent, and say, with Palmyra, (in Marriage a-la-Mode)

"Fly swift, ye hours, you measure time for me in vain,
Till you bring back my dearest Charles again ;
Be shorter now, and to redeem that wrong,
When he and I are met, be twice as long."

One serene summer's evening, she was taking her accustomed walk, the rays of the setting sun gave a glow to the landscape, pointed out new beauties, and inspired new ideas ; the spirit of pleasure left not a second of vacancy, and evening had overshadowed her with her last and deepest shade. The grove re-echoed with the sound of warbling birds, and fragrant flowers diffused their sweets around, to alleviate Julia in the absence of her faithful Melbourn, when she saw the object of her

tenderest wishes advance with a dejected and melancholy look ; she flew to meet him, to know the cause of this unusual countenance. Melbourn, with a sigh which he endeavoured to suppress, clasped her in a tender embrace, and could scarce articulate—"Oh ! Julia, we must part to meet no more !" "Can you then forget the vows you made, and call heaven to witness ?" exclaimed the lovely maid in agonies of grief. "Never," replied the distracted Melbourn, "never can I exist and be happy without my Julia ; but my father hearing of our mutual love, is quite enraged, and from anger descended to entreaties, from ineffectual entreaties, to threatenings, and from threatenings to remonstrances ; but all would not avail. He engaged his acquaintance to unite in urging me to obedience, as it was for my interest. But they tried in vain to influence me ; I remained inexorable to their prayers, even their entreaties, which were accompanied with tears ; at length my father threatened to disinherit me. I received the threat with a tranquility inconceivable, and did not allow myself a quarter of an hour to reflect, whether I should sacrifice the affection of my adored Julia to preserve the inheritance of my family. I told him I would be ever obedient to his commands in any thing but parting with the only woman I ever adored ; for my esteem, oh ! more than my esteem for you, was interwoven with my existence. He then burst from me in a violent rage, and told me I knew his commands, and he would be obeyed, let the consequence be what it would. Oh, Julia, conceive the shock I felt ! I was motionless for a while, but as soon as recovered, I came unperceived to impart the melancholy news of our adverse fates, and to vow an eternal fidelity." "Must you then obey the commands of your father ?" said the lovely maid, her eyes suffused in tears. "Can you leave me ? Must we part to meet no more ? Oh, Melbourn, it must not, cannot be !" She could say no more, it was too much for her feelings ; she fell motionless in his arms ; tears prevented their speaking for some time ; at last tears yielded, and the disconsolate Melbourn used

all the persuasive rhetoric he was master of to comfort his lovely Julia. He told her, he hoped his father would relent; and if he did not, he would suffer the severest punishments with pleasure, rather than violate his vows, or be separated from her, for life would be insupportable without her. In this tender manner they sat, exchanging vows of eternal constancy, when night drew on unperceived, and forced them to part. They parted with more regret than they had ever done before; but as it grew late, he was obliged to tear himself from her society, though the resolution to do it was more difficult to attain than he had ever found it. He seemed as if afraid he should not see her for a long time again; and he was not mistaken, for it was a presentiment of what happened to him after the reluctant separation.

The reader may suppose Julia's grief was too poignant to admit of rest; sleep was a stranger to her eyes, and every comfort forsook her, when she thought of being separated from her beloved Melbourn. Her anxiety was too visible to pass unnoticed by the ever watchful eyes of her parents; they urged her to let them know the cause of her grief which they saw too plainly preyed on her spirits. But their intreating, was ineffectual; she still continued to hide it, till an opportunity discovered what she so long concealed. She was taking a turn in the garden to indulge the luxury of grief, and, if possible, to alleviate her sorrows; but Melbourn had not left the shades he rendered so dear to her, they were all full of him. She saw him in every object; she felt him at every step; at every instant she heard his well-known voice, "sweet as the Shepherd's pipe upon the mountains;" in every wood-scene his figure appeared at a distance among the trees! he sat on every bench, and stood listening beside every waterfall.

(To be continued.)

When thou hast proved a man to be honest, lock him up thine heart, as a treasure; regard him as a jewel of inestimable price.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

While with the sons of men my footsteps trod,
My home, my heart was with the sons of God.
The World before the Flood.

HOW few there are among us who are disposed at any time to give themselves up to sober thought, and reflect on their situation, not as it respects this life only, but that which is to follow.—Indeed we are so far from indulging in any reflections of this kind that we endeavour to drive from our minds every intruding thought, which would bring to our remembrance the awful hour, when the sun, the moon, and the earth shall pass away, and when the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and we be arraigned before that judge from whose decision there is no appeal.

How awful is the hour of death! and are there any of us who will pretend that, with regard to himself that hour will never arrive? surely none. We all know that we must die; but, because we know not the appointed time, must we never prepare to meet the king of terrors? Youth, while running the giddy round of earthly pleasures, is ever ready to reject every thing which carries with it seriousness, and which would in the least, interrupt his darling pursuits. Undoubtedly in our youthful days it is expected that we are to participate in the innocent amusements of the times in which we live; but we are not on that account to neglect that which is so absolutely necessary to our welfare both here and hereafter—to cultivate a due sense of our dependence on the Most High: let us then seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto us.

When we are in a measure satisfied that Providence smiles on our pursuits, we have then, if at any time, every reason to rejoice at our lot. With the Almighty Ruler of the Universe as our polar star, we may pursue our way with safety though this trackless ocean of life; though darkness surround us on every side, and thick darkness encompass us about.

Can there be any situation more delightful and more caviable than that of

a christian ? The deist and atheist (if it is possible that there exists such a person) are in continual doubts about their situation ; but the true christian is certain that his state hereafter would be at least as happy as theirs ; and, besides that, he has hopes which they have not, hopes which a christian only can have. His implicit reliance on the goodness and mercy of a Supreme Being ; his holy fear and reverence, the exalted idea he has of Him whom he serves, and the debased opinion he entertains of himself, all concur to elevate instead of depressing his mind : his soul soars to regions beyond the sphere of this tempting and vitiated world ; though he walks here with the sons of iniquity, his heart and his home, his hopes and his fears are in heaven. Many, who are in the meridian of life, look down on the character of a christian as too humiliating for their haughty spirits : puffed up with pride and conceit, and filled with the good things of this world, they consider themselves as beyond the reach of the shafts of adversity, and that nothing but pleasures and enjoyments are to attend their steps ; but let them remember what was said to him whose barns were filled, and who believed himself at the summit of human prosperity : Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee !

It becomes us in particular, who are in the morning of life, seriously to attend to those things which are so essentially necessary for the promotion of our present & future welfare : while others are indulging in debauchery and licentiousness, and bowing down to idols of their own making, let it be our chief glory to serve the Lord. It is now our season of improvement : if virtuous principles are not now implanted in our hearts it is not very probable that they will be hereafter, or if they should it is like seed sown out of season, the plant of which, if it spring up at all, may look promising for a short time, but it most generally withers and decays before it comes to maturity. It is also said, that "according as you sow so you shall reap." As this is most certainly the case, how necessary is it for us to guard against the introduction of erroneous

principles and vicious habits, and to avoid as much as possible every thing which might in the least tend to subvert the precepts of our inward monitor. You who are pursuing the gilded path of pleasure and indulging in your midnight revels, stop but for a moment and consider that there is a God ; that what you do now in secret shall be revealed to an assembled universe : reflect on it and tremble ! If the seeds which you are now sowing, are those of sin and iniquity, what can you expect to reap ? Surely nothing better than vanity and vexation of spirit, and the terrible vengeance of the Most High. Turn then from the wickedness of your ways ; cease to do evil, learn to do well ; burst asunder the fetters of sin which now bind you so strongly to the pursuits of the ungodly, then and not till then you may exclaim with truth—I am free.

SUILENROC.

RUSTIC AMBITION.

A countryman, who had long kept a public house, well known by the name of the Hop Alehouse, which derived its name from being formerly known for a dancing house, or twopenny hop ; on a sudden becomes the gentleman, and endeavours to thrust his head into polite society. His house was white-washed and painted ; his rooms papered and hung with bells, and, as society civilizes and manners refine, he too must soar with the soaring. The idea of an ale-house became abominable ; he must have a sign, and despising the vulgar phraseology of the country, must stile it the *Hop Inn* ; but his painters not being the most correct orthographers in the world, spelt it the *Hop In*, so that it became a sentence of invitation to the traveller, literally speaking, please to *hop in*, gentlemen.

MULTIPLICATION.

HILLEL, the Rabbi, says, "He that multiplieth flesh, multiplieth vermin ; he that multiplieth estates, multiplieth care ; he that multiplieth females, multiplieth enchantments ; he that multi-

plieth female servants, multiplieth fornication; he that multiplieth men servants, multiplieth rapine; and he that multiplieth law, multiplieth costs: but he that multiplieth study, multiplieth sagacity; he that multiplieth counsel, multiplieth prudence; he that multiplieth justice, multiplieth peace.

GLORY OF THE NIGHT.

'All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head.
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew weep.'

DRYDEN.

HOW often have I heard the morning described by the poet and the philosopher in all its glowing colors, and just reproaches hurled against those who lose its cheering influence and fascinating beauties in the arms of the somnific deity! The man is extolled as wise, who retires to rest with the setting, and rises with the orient sun. But night with all her glories is neglected: and it should seem as if heaven had displayed the most awfully majestic, and brilliant part of creation as unworthy the praise or contemplation of man. The objects which now surround me, and the sensations which I enjoy are sufficient to convince me that every portion of the stupenduous work has its peculiar charms; and particularly night, for sublimity and diversity of objects affords food for the mind, best calculated to impress it with just ideas of the Omnipotent, and displays nature in a dress by no means inferior to that of day: so that in my opinion the man who regularly rises and retires with the sun, loses some of the finest portion of his time, and most interesting beauties of the creation.

GRETNA-GREEN.

WITH A MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE: BY
A TOURIST.

THOUGH sanguine anticipation is frequently obliged to make many abate-

ments in closing with its object, fewer were requisite on our arrival at Gretnahall (the name of our inn) than experience justifies in similar cases. Whether in a moral view, the case of those fond beings, who desert the protection of their homes, and wise councils of parental foresight, in their hasty sacrifice at Hymen's Caledonian altar may not too frequently verify the foregoing observation, must be left to their own feelings and confession. Suffice it to say for ourselves, on the account of our inn at least, and the entertainment it afforded, both were excellent. To a lawn of some acres, bordered with lofty fir-trees, in front of our inn, formerly the mansion of a gentleman, the village of Gretna owes the additional appellation of "Green."

Whilst I am casting a look over this celebrated spot, with which are associated the ideas of a thousand love-adventures here brought to that crisis which generally determines, for life, the happiness or misery of the parties engaged in them, I cannot help thinking that some of our abler novelists would not be illy employed in availing themselves of the leading characters and events which have distinguished the most remarkable of these rash connexions. A judicious collection of materials from this abundant source of action, the romance of real life represented under fictitious names, and comprised in short tales, would furnish no contemptible fund of instruction for young persons in this age of liberty and adventurous experiments.

You will not be displeased with the story of two old Gentlemen who, some years ago, met at an inn on the north road, the one in pursuit of his daughter, both of them some miles before them on the wing to Gretna Green. The two fathers, equally averse to the union of the young people, mutually vented their regrets and reproaches at this unexpected interview; each accusing the other of wanting that vigilance, or authority over his own child, which might have prevented their thoughtless expedition. After some time spent in this unseasonable altercation, they recollected that, since their own arrival, the

lovers had proceeded some miles in addition to those which they had already advanced before them. Each demanding a post-chaise to continue the pursuit, the landlord informed them he had only one at their service: as time was equally precious to both, our travellers agreed to share the carriage between them. You will easily imagine what agreeable companions they were in a post-chaise. Considerations of economy, however, and the opportunity of continuing their mutual reproaches, reconciled them to one carriage for the rest of the journey. On they trundled for some successive posts; ill-humour and high words increasing with every turn of their wheels. When they arrived at Longtown, their last station to Gretna-Green, neither carriage nor horses could be procured; the lovers, two hours before, had engaged the only one in the town, and meant to detain it for their return. The horses which had brought the old gentlemen to Longtown, had been obliged to come the two last posts without stopping, and were so entirely jaded and fatigued, as to need both refreshment and rest before they could be driven on further. The travellers, scarcely less exhausted, and compelled to continue some time where they were, consented to make the best use of it in recruiting their strength and spirits by recourse to the larder and a bottle of wine. The serious business of the moment diverted their thoughts from irritating reflections.—In the interval of silence, which necessarily took place, whilst the organs of speech were engaged in mastication, they began, after little calculation, to perceive, it would be impossible to overtake the young couple, before VULCAN had forged their hymeneal chain. The refreshment of food and wine had now cheered their hearts; a better humour succeeded to unavailing reproach; they coolly discussed the circumstances of the case, and at last shaking hands, concluded with a resolution of staying where they were, to give their blessing to the happy pair on their return.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have as by those we affect to have

A FEMALE CHARACTER.

"Heaven in her eye, in all her actions dignity and love."

AURELIA is a happiness to her husband, an honour to her sex and the pride of her family; which upon the account of her prudence, discretion, good sense, and good temper, is in a very affluent condition. Her husband was, when he was first married, inclined to dissipation of every kind, and had even dipt into his estate; but Aurelia has, by her economy, retrieved his fortune, and by her endearing conversation, made home so agreeable to him, that he has not even the temptation remaining, of doing his affairs a second injury of the like nature. One of Aurelia's children, discovered an early disposition to follow the courses of his father; but Aurelia, by a proper mixture of the mother and the friend, has attracted him so sincerely to what is fair and amiable, that he is now studious, discreet and sober.

Aurelia is peculiarly delicate in the choice of her ordinary company, avoiding as much as possible all sorts of connexion with the indolent, the rattling and the censorious. She says she feels pain in such society; and had rather be alone, than among those from whom she can receive neither pleasure nor instruction. Without affecting to be virtuous or beautiful, she is both; and she may be safely proposed as a pattern to her sex.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE SHIPWRECK.

'Twas midnight—the bell of the castle had toll'd:

'Twas silent—'twas dark as despair:
Not a sound cheer'd the ear, not a light blest the eye,

It seem'd as if death held his reign upon earth
and drew his broad veil o'er the sky.

Elmira slept sound—in dreams she was blest,
Was blest by young Edward's return:

As they sat on the sea-beach she heard him relate

With a tear and a smile the dangers he'd
brav'd, and bless the reversion of fate.

The clouds were now blacker—the silence
was broke,

For thunder now roll'd on the ear :
Thro' the gloom of the night the red light-
nings gleam'd,
Like conscience that speaks thro' the clouds
of that soul were virtue has scarce ever
beam'd.

The half-afraid centinel measur'd his steps,
Now rais'd his tir'd eye on the scene,
But slowly withdrew it with fear and dismay,
And counted his beads o'er again and again,
and wish'd every time it was day.

He stop'd, for he heard thro' the blast and the
storm

The guns of distress faintly sound ;
A sharp flash of lightning shone full on the
waves

That roll'd o'er a bark as in sport, as in rage,
and seem'd threat'ning many their graves.

The guns were heard louder—the storm still
gain'd strength,

There was fury in ev'ry blast ;
Oh ! sailor-boy, sailor-boy ! woe is thy lot,
Is it gold that persuades thee to traverse the
deep—leave peace—affection—thy cot ?

The guests of the castle were rous'd, were
dismay'd,

The sea-beach they gain'd with affright :
'Twas nature that urg'd them to brave the
dread night,

To bare thro' the storm and the wind, and the
rain, a hope-cheering beacon—a light.

To say to the storm-beaten mariner peace,
To cheer him with one hope of life

'Twas vain—for the death-angel hung o'er the
wave ;

And the cries of despair now loaded the gale
humanities aid could not save.

'Twas over—they back to the castle repair'd,
The tear-drops bedew'd ev'ry eye,

But how many shall mourn in anguish, despair
Shall count ev'ry moon, grow weary of hope,
and find unavailing their pray'r.

The wind was now hush'd and the lightning
was feint,

The thunder was distant and low ;
The day-star arose....Oh ! 'twas nature once
more,

'Twas morn's lovely splendor, 'twas joy, it
was life, but oh ! what a sight on the shore.

There the cold lifeless form of a sailor lay
stretch'd,

By waves and the tempest convey'd,
And who was that sailor so young and so fair ?
They ran to the castle with woe-speaking look
to see that young Edward was there.

Elmira...why run to the sea-beach so light,
She knows not...she heard not the storm ;

And will no voice save her from pangs so
severe ;

Oh ! how will she start at the horrible sight,
grow wild, and shed not a tear !

Her dreams of the night lights her ace with
a smile,

She blesses the vision as true,
She gains the rough sea-beach, the scene of
despair,

And looks through the throng with joy wil-
der'd eyes, looks again but her Edward's
not there.

She now sees pale terror display'd on each
face,

Draws nearer, alas ! what a sight,
She looks on his features, ev'n lovely in death,
She speaks not, and sigh's not, and sheds
not one tear,

But silently yields up her breath.

ADELAIDE.

For the New-York Weekly Museum

TO SUILENROC.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd—
Some chord in unison—

With what we hear is touch'd within us and
the heart replies——

Cowper's Task.

Stranger methinks my luckless lyre
Has play'd a disengenuous part,
By whose rude notes you hop'd to find
In me some sad congenial heart.

But scarcely sixteen summer suns
Have yet o'er me their influence spread,
And sorrow on such infant form
Her wrathful phial seldom shed.

But tho' I boast a heart that's free
From every throb of aching woe,
No miseries of my own to mourn
The tear-drop oft for others flow.
And hard is that heart that can behold
Unmov'd high heaven's all chast'ning hand,
When almost every niche of life
Yields sorrows sad despairing band.

But oh, methinks far others woes
Thy plaintive lyre responsive rings ;
It speaks a heart fast bound in grief
Whilst sad experience sweeps its strings.

But oh my friend, if sorrows charms
Has power to soothe a saddened breast,
Remember whilst she soothes she wounds,
And robs it of its earthly rest.

Oh rather learn submission's lot,
Content with what kind heaven has done,
With patience bear your present ills,
And hope will brighten scenes to come.

See faith with pure and humble heart,
Trust in yon heaven who shields from harm,
A "bruised reed he will not break ;"
But guard it from the piercing storm.

Life is at most but one short day,
And should some cares that day molest,
Calm resignation points to heaven,
The mansion of eternal rest.

ELIA.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 3, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

A Boston paper of Aug. 31, says, that advices had been received there from Halifax, where London papers to the 20th July had been received, which state that the British ministers at that time had not left England, and it was doubtful whether they would immediately or not.

A London paper of July 15, contains an account of the capture of the British brig *Reindeer*, by the U. S. sloop of war *Wasp*, after a close action of 25 minutes, in which the *Reindeer* had 20 killed and 60 wounded, besides her captain killed; and was so much cut up that she was blown up the next day, and the prisoners sent to England in a neutral vessel.

The papers also state that the army in France was very uneasy, and it was thought a war was not far distant between that country and Austria.

The privateer ship *Invincible*, with two of her prizes, and privateer *schr. Herald*, of New-York, had all been sent into Halifax.

2000 troops had also arrived at Halifax from the Mediterranean via Bermuda.

The different Banks in Philadelphia, and the Banks of this city, have suspended the payment of specie during the present crisis of the country.

We announced, in part of our last edition, the unfortunate capture of the city of Washington on the 24th ult. It now appears pretty certain that the enemy's force on this occasion did not exceed 5000 men, under the command of gen. Ross and admiral Cockburn: that they kept possession of the city about 37 hours, during which time they employed themselves in burning the capitol and the other public buildings, except the general post-office, which they mistook for a private house; and also burnt about half a dozen private houses from which they had been fired at: otherways it seems they respected private property. The navy yard, rope walks, &c. together with the new 44 gun frigate *Essex*, nearly ready for launching; the new 18 gun brig *Argus*, just launched; two or three old frigates, bomb vessels, &c. were all committed to the flames by our own people. The chief opposition made to this irruption of the enemy on the capital, was from the intrepid Barney with the sailors of the flotilla that had been destroyed, and the Baltimore volunteers, who it appears did their duty. The commodore was wounded and taken, and about 120 men. Gen. Winder states our loss at 30 or 40 killed, and 50 or 60 wound-

ed, and thinks the enemy must have lost at least 400 killed and wounded.

After leaving Washington it seems they proceeded to Alexandria, nine miles, on the Potomac, where some of their frigates had got up past Fort Warburton, which has been evacuated and blown up. The last accounts say, that the citizens of Alexandria, to save their city from destruction, had agreed to deliver the enemy all their shipping with their furniture, and all vessels that had been sunk are delivered up in the state they were in previous to the 19th of August. Merchandize of every description is given up, and to prevent irregularity, the merchants have had the option of loading the vessels to be taken away, and the citizens of Alexandria have it seems, even submitted to restore the property that had been removed.

Accounts from Washington state, that gen. Armstrong, the Secretary at War, has resigned, and that col. Monroe is appointed for the present, in his place.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Dr. Kollmann, Mr. John B. R. Kafonta, junr. to Miss Mary Ann Aspatio Boisgerard.

By the rev. Mr. Seixas, Mr. William Warner, merchant, to Miss Jane Hart.

By the rev. Mr. Milledolar, Mr. Charles A. Jackson, to Miss Harriet Cooper.

Mr. William Robertson, Tragedian, to Miss Eliza A. Woodworth.

Obituary.

DIED.

Mrs. Sarah Turner, widow of the late capt. William Turner, aged 70 years.

After a lingering illness, Dr. Samuel Gale, in the 49th year of his age.

Mrs. Eliza L'Homedieu, aged 32 years, wife of Mr. Sylvester L'Homedieu.

Mr. Henry Holthaus, aged 61.

Mr. Joseph Reynolds, aged 61.

Mr. Robert Lylburn,

Mr. John Willey,

Mrs. Phebe Honeywell.

At London Mr. Elias Nexsen, Son of William Nexsen, Senior, of this city.

THE MUSEUM.

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